Sisters' Department.

IT ALWAYS COMES.

It always comes—Spring, with its promise sweet,
Its dear fulfillments glad to repeat
To us, who sigh and fret at its delays,
And count uncheerfully the passing days,
Who say, complaining, that the Spring is late,
The earth is as it has been, desolate:
One swirl of snow our hopes to martyrdom
Will banish swiftly. But the Spring-time comes!

It always comes—the Summer, with its blooms,
Its suns distilling from them rich perfumes;
Its earing corn, its grasses strong and tall;
And waiting for the rhythmic scythe strokes all;
Its still, sweet nights, more odorous than the days,
Its ripening things, its blossom bordered ways,
Unto one chilling wind our faith succumbs,
We say "It is not near!" But still it comes!

It always comes—the harvest full and fair,
Despite our anxious, half-despairing care,
Our trustless watch above the growing blade,
As if God could not guard what He has made;
Unhastened and unhindered by our fears,
Its series ranks uplift their shining spears—
The barrier God has reared around our homes
While we sat doubting. Harvest always comes!

It always comes—God's help to human need,
In measures often that our hope exceed;
God's answer to the prayer our lips repeat,
In common blessing, or surprises sweet.
Does He not see how doubtful the heart is,
How fearful ever the hand we reach to His?
As if to us His presence were not near
Nor could be found. Yet it is always here!

—*The Advance.*

BE MY SWEETHEART.

[The first love-song ever wrtten by Mr. Field.]

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When birds are on the wing,
When bee and bud and babbling flood
Bespeak the birth of spring;
Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
And wear this posy-ring;

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
In the mellow golden glow
Of earth aflush with the gracious blush
Which the ripening fields foreshow;
Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
As into the moon we go!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When falls the bounteous year,
When fruit and wine of tree and vine
Give us their harvest cheer;
Oh, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
For winter it draweth near.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When the year is white and old,
When the fire of youth is spent, forsooth,
And the hand of age is cold:
Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
Till the year of our love be told!—

EUGENE FIELD in the March *Ladies' Home Journal.*

The man who works purely for the glory of God will always get his pay in advance.

The heart that fully trusts God can sing as sweetly in the dark as it can in the light.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

God never would send you the darkness
If he felt you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to his guiding hand
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true he had many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn crown
For your tired head to wear;
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain did not guide them there.

So he sends you the blinding darkness,
And the furnace of sevenfold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to his feet—
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you,
Whose courage is sinking low;
And—well, if you are praised—lo,
God will love you better so.

AN INTERESTING S. S. C. E.

MEXICO, IND., MARCH 2nd, 1894.

MY DEAR SISTER HARRISON. I have just finished reading your appeal to the S. S. C. E. I have long been a faithful worker in our C. E. I love the work so much, and thinking perhaps I could be of some service to you in the work I write you. We have a very interesting society of eighteen or twenty good working members. We have devotional services at every meeting consisting of reading a chapter, after which we always have a very interesting discussion, songs and prayer by all the sisters, which I think has been very profitable to us as a church because the sisters would make public prayer there when they would not any where else. Sometimes with this we have literary work, such as an essay by some one; or sometimes if we have a good written sermon it is read. O we just have glorious meetings. I praise the Lord for what strength I have received from our Endeavor meetings. In regard to our semi-annual collection. We took the collection for Oct. all in due season but through neglect we never sent it. We will take our Spring collection and send it soon; our members never neglect paying their fees in any way to the S. S. In regard to the program I can say that I will try and be one of the twelve to furnish one program. I think the mite box would be just grand and I should like very much to have them adopted. I think the badge would be very nice. At our meeting next Wednesday I will see what the sisters say about the badge and mite box and then I will write you again. Please let me know when you want me to prepare the program. I remain,

Your sister in Christ,
MRS. H. S. HOWSER.

HIGH IDEALS.

The vision to be obeyed must first be seen. Can we command those exalted, ecstatic moods in which alone it is supposed the high vision appears? Visions may indeed come to us in such moods, but we cannot force the mood upon ourselves, nor are visions confined to such moods. They meet us many times in the dullest, most common roadways of life. If we have caught sight of what ew ought to be—different in any way from what we now are—at that time and in that glance we had a Heavenly vision. The light of heaven fell on our character and gave us a conception of what we might and ought to be.

No one can say, accepting so simple a description of a "Heavenly vision," that he has never had one pass before him. No one walks with eyes so perpetually downcast as never to see upon the horizon of his life Truth and Duty glorified for him. The vision of a nobler, lovelier, more helpful life than he now leads, sheds a glory over the heavens and makes them luminous for every truly strenuous Christian soul at certain times.

Learn to trust the vision! We are not deceived. God does hold pictures before our souls of what our Lord is, and of what he would have us to be. If we distrust the vision we shall never try to make it real—and this is the end for which it was given.

"Be it ours," says James Martineau, "to doubt the glooms not the glory of our souls. Learn to distrust the suggestions of lower and earthly hours, and scatter the fears of the slothful and unawakened heart."—*Christian at work.*